THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLOSE—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1574.

Original Poetry.

HYMN AT LAUREL HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, thou inscrutable!
God, most Immutable!
Touch me how beautiful
'Tis to be dutiful
To the clear right!

Make mine as current
And true and constant
All evil; and incest
Where'er Thy light burneth,
To dwell in Thy sight.

Then shall I sorrowore
Darkly endeavor, more
Neither forswerve
From Thy presence ever more,
Father of Light!

Here, in this silent home,
Where the living all must come—
Where with awe the dead is dead—
Father, part the veil of gloom
Which hides the stars beyond the tomb
And there Death's night!

Pictures of Life.

A DAY AT THE PARSONAGE.

The frugal breakfast was over, and the wife and mother was composing her children, and her still industrious, for the approaching visitation, when a sharp ring was heard at the street door, and a large, tough-looking servant was seen.

"Morning, sir," was the friendly salutation; "I came to see if you'd go to Jim Crawford's funeral—it's to-morrow."

"Where did he live, sir?" civilly inquired the clergyman: "I think I have not known the person."

"Likely—for he never went to meeting; he free out in the 10th ward, in a little two pair alley. But will you come to the funeral at two o'clock?"

"Yes, I will try to be there in time," answered Mr. Morris.

"I thy dear," said the wife, looking anxiously at her husband, "you ought not go so far this shilly day, with your cold; and you must not think of walking."

"I must go, Mary, and I fear I must walk, for I have not had my bill at the livery stable in the face. But, my children, we will be quiet now; and, Clara, dear, you may read."

Scarcely had the last position of the good man died away, before another ring of the door bell startled the little family, and a grave, aged, and serious man' made their appearance, studiously with inner crown. Miss Grumpy, who was the single-minded visitor, with her large, light eyes, which seemed always to know if a cape bonnet was on the head every one of the neighborhood knew, that the thinnest fabric, or the stoutest, never escaped her vigilance.

Miss Grumpy was followed by her friend, Mrs. Drake, who had such a serene self-righteousness about her, that a single glance at her presence, in spite of my better judgment, that Mrs. Drake was sitting near a very interesting person. My eyes seemed to be forced to be saying, "I must and will do my duty, however painful it may be;" and for that reason I do not like to have my self-possession with their neighbors.

Poor Mrs. Morris looked anxiously at the unbidden chairs and tables; Miss Crump looked with her two twinkling eyes at Mr. Morris, and he, as well as our circumstances will allow us to set from the kindest motives—let us deny ourselves to our neighbors, with our children, in playing cards. This practice is very different from what you pretend, Mr. Morris; and the influence upon our younger people must be most useful."

"Mrs. Drake," said Mrs. Morris, "I am surprised that any one, knowing me, should have believed the story that we were playing cards; tell me who your informer was?"

"Why," says Mrs. Drake, (bursting very much "I am better than that?") "I am not at liberty to give names; but in the first place a young lady came into your parlor, in the evening, and she saw you all seated about the centre-table, playing cards. She said they were keenly put into the former. Since that time, people have looked on your younger people must be most useful."

"Have watched me?" asked Mr. Morris, "how?"

"Why, through the windows, when the curtains were drawn aside."

"Well, sir, I never knew that Mrs. Morris's fame; but he was a minister, and down went the burning thoughts: they must not pass his lips, although the temptation deserved reproof.

Mrs. Morris's bitterest distressed face broke into a smile, almost sarcastic, she wished quickly to the drawer of the sinning centre-table and took from thence a bundle of cards, each one bearing a different scripture motto.

"Miss Crump, and this, giving them to the lady, "are the cards which we use for amusement. Cards; and we do often ask and answer the questions, in order that we may amuse and instruct those in the house."

Miss Crump gave two or three short, sharp coughs, and looked quite disappointed.

Mrs. Drake, looking as if she were the most pained of human beings, she rose and said she felt it to be her duty to pay some visits in Silver Street before dinner.

The pastor rose with a warm look to his cousin, to take up the thread of thought which had been so rudely broken; and the wife went with them to the door, to tell her husband to-night in the morning call. She had scarcely seated it into slumber, before she was summoned to the parlor to meet Miss Grumpy.

That lady looked at Mr. Morris with her little faded out blue eyes, and said—holding up for some time a large green bag, dropped with a large amount of knitting work and balls:—

"Well, Mr. Morris, I have come to spend a part of the day with you, quite in the family way: now don't get yourself out at all."

Then taking off her bonnet and shawl she seated herself in the best chair, dragging the knitting from the green bag, and began to knit and mutter; inwardly at the same time with her sharp tongue all the news she had gathered since her last visit. She informed Mrs. Morris that she dined the other day at Dr. Hall's, and that she had nothing on the table that she could eat, she never could bear a boiled dinner; she did like something that relished.

Poor Mrs. Morris began to be alarmed for the existence of her larder, and fled to the kitchen to consult with her maid of all work as to dinner preparations.

"Biddy, you may get both the steak and salmon for dinner."

"I beg you'll be wanting the fish to-morrow, ma'am," said Biddy, startled at this unusual profligacy.

"I know it, but we must do without it; Miss Dutton is here to day, and as she is particular about such things, we will try to please her."

The thinner, which was also relished by an "agent for the amelioration of the condition of the Jews," being over, Miss Dutton began to think of some neighbors she might gossip with over a dish of tea, and soon took her leave, with the green bag, much to Mrs Morris's comfort.

One hour of quiet, the tired mother found in her nursery. At the expiration of that time, a very fat, warm looking woman, with a buttercup Marquise on her arm, bustled into the room, and Mrs. Morris left her children with a sigh, to have a session with Mrs. Horton and her daughter Mary.

Mrs. Horton brushed very hard, and wiped her face as if the weather was exceedingly hot.

"Mrs. Morris," cried she, with a shrill, piping voice, "a few of us ladies have for some time been thinking that we would make you a present. I mean those ladies that's friendly to you. My daughter Mary and myself circulated the thing at one of the deacon's meetings. We have heard that you were going to get a new black silk dress. I have spent the whole of two days in going about with a subscription paper, and have at last got nearly enough to buy a pretty good one: my daughter and myself headed the subscription with one dollar."

Mrs. Horton began to murmur her thanks for the intended kindness, and said she had needed such a dress for some time.

"But," said Mrs. Horton, "we have heard that you intended cutting up your old one for Susan, and we don't think it would be in the least economical plan; de'laines and calico are good enough for my children to wear when they are dressed up, but ladies have considered about it, and think you had better keep your old one, to wear the most in that; and then will get you a good one, and a good one it will be! I don't think there is old enough to take good care of a silk dress."

"Indeed, Mrs. Horton," said Mrs. Morris, a cry hoss tingling her cheek, "to be governed altogether by the ladies, in regulating the wardrobe of my children: I ought to be the best judge of their wants."

"Very well, Mrs. Morris"—and the fat lady seemed to grow warm in the face—"very well, if you don't choose to accept a dress from us, and a good one we intended it to be, I'm sure I'm not to blame; and minister's families have who had some gratitude, and were willing to be advised. Mary, my daughter, shall not go!"

Poor Mrs. Morris began to be frightened at the amount of anger she had occasioned, and she now attempted in the way of apology.

"The ladies are very kind to think of me; I am sure I am very much obliged to them."

"Mrs. Morris," interrupted the indignant lady, "I don't want your thanks, I'm very happy that you can be so independent. Mary, my daughter, shall not accept a dress from you."

Oh, with what a longing for the wings of a dove did Mrs. Morris go to her neglected nursery. Her husband had just returned with his long walk, and pain and exhausted, had thrown himself upon a sofa. "He is coming on his way," thought she, "and we are both neglecting our children, and yet we are called ministers of the gospel of peace! and we have no peace in our home: it belongs to the parish, and yet we cannot have our property; we try to do right, and people are constantly finding fault."

Mrs. Morris's meditations were soon interrupted by a young girl.

"Miss Morris, mother wants to know if you will not her have some green tea: she don't get that which is good, in fact, that little creature was so thin; probably in consequence of her mother's anxiety of mind before its birth. Dreadful cases every thing was the husband's return: The scolding at first was quite as awful as she had expected: but when she saw the distress of his pain, from the passenger to this family many years, she was silent, but nothing of the kind ever travelled back. Why, the minister had seven hundred dollars a year."

"Mrs. Morris," said Miss Dutton is visiting your me this evening: I thought she was going to Mrs. Cutler's?"

"Well, I guess she was, but they won't in time; she said she was here to dinner, and she will be here to tea, and she also added that she think you could live on your salary, you are so extravagant; you had two sorts of meat and two kinds of pudding at dinner. If you will let her have some meal for hot cakes this morning: I think it being winter is just."

"It is not cruel, dear husband," said Mrs. Morris, "when I tried so much to please Miss Dutton, and she was so much pleased with it, to be so well as our circumstances will allow us to set from the kindest motives—let us deny ourselves to our neighbors, with our children, in playing cards. This practice is very different from what you pretend, Mr. Morris; and the influence upon our younger people must be most useful."

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THE DESPISED WOMAN.

BY MRS. MARTINEAU.

Mrs. Hepburn made a mistake early in life.—to most people in life in one way or another. Her mistake was a very serious one; but she had endured the consequences more bravely and patiently than most of us endure the results of our own errors. She was very religious; and she loved a man who was not religious at all—and very far from moral. The last thing he ever did was loving her; and the wisest thing he ever did was marrying her. She was to the saint of her love for life. But he was selfish, fond of his own indulgences, and of a sturdy temper. But he had some knowledge, and she had acutely none. She respected his knowledge too much, and was too humble about her own ignorance. She held fast to her religion; and she loved it so dearly that she would not but believe that he would love it, too, when it was brought into his daily life at home. She knew that his brother George was not a good man; and that George's wife had a very bad temper; but she thought she could live with this for her husband's sake: and in this she was not to take. One unfavorable circumstance was that her husband was very little at home; only one day in the week. He was a boatman on a canal in Lancashire, and for—lots of his time were spent on board his boat, with only two months opportunity, and too many temptations in an inn—patience to talk and play cards, and be dirty in body and mind.

They began life prosperously, as to money—for Mrs. Hepburn set her up by a grocery shop, in by-street of a town, in the midst of good custom: and she took pains to learn to manage the business well. The house to which the shop belong'd was so large, that it was necessary to let the upper rooms. Mrs. Hepburn thought herself fortunate in obtaining unexceptionable lodgers, as she told her husband with a thankful joy.—Two plain ladies engaged the rooms; and she served them devotedly, and thanked them incessantly for the opportunity of attending the prayer meetings which they held almost every evening, with their minister and his friends.—These ladies did not attend to any kind of household business. They left it to her to provide their dinners, and the best suppers which they usually had after their prayer-meetings. They did not even seem to remember their bills; and when she was short of cash, and ventured to lay the butcher's or baker's bill on their table while they were out, the trip of paper silently disappeared, and were not afterwards spoken of. Once or twice, when she was hard pressed, and knew that she could not wait for a customer, she went, she was put off with gentle promises, and benevolent exhortations to patience. Her faith in them was so strong that she had no fear of losing her lodgings by exacting payment. She was delightly convinced their faith, and went on taking money by selling, by stint, and getting in debts, that she might pay them. Mr. Hepburn still, at the end of two years, she found all her own money gone, and discovered that the lodgers had never had any means at all. When they found that they could no longer put flimsy half coppers on the table for them, they grew haughty and insolent, and went off in a huff—leaving her utterly broken-hearted.

Happily her religion was a sufficient stay. She saw that the sins of false professors affected only themselves, and not the religion itself. Her ideas of religion were changed, but her faith remained unshaken. She felt that she had not have died; for she had no other resource. She sat in a bare and desolate house, expecting to be turned out into the street with her child, and brooding her husband's return, because it was her fault that he was ruined. There was something cold and terrible about the silence of the house when the children were not there. The worse it would never speak to her again. No one intercoursed with him for her. She visited her brother-in-law's wife no more; and the brother's wife took away her character in all directions. No eye looked kindly on her, no voice spoke a word of comfort. She was wholly driven in upon herself; to see what she was made of. She was left alone with the light of her religion, what she had lost do. She had already told her husband that she took the whole blame on herself. She had never spoken a word of reproach to him, though she had done things so wrong, that she was afraid to speak of them herself lest she should repair the mischief. He made no answer: he gave no sign but a moan, that he heard what she said. So she now resolved to say no more, except by actions. She would submit, and toil, and endure, and be patient, and cheerful, and she became able to turn her lower room into a little shop—where she is still selling groceries, while doing more in other ways than when a richer woman. One hard conflict of mind was about what to do with the children. Should she send them out to service as she was of the evil or her own ignorance, she desired, above everything, to bring them up to be religious; but she found herself bound to sacrifice everything to the object, whose idolatry she believed to be true, and she kept the rest at home to bear the days amusing and pleasant, as she hoped, to her poor sufferer. She begged this rest as an error; but some good advice and help came to her before the prudence years were wholly lost; and then she made her own road in her own way, sent information about their education, or anything else she knew; and left them to make the use she impressed by them. By some such means she becomes aware of the importance of her children's health; and as soon as she conceived the idea, she set her earnest mind to work upon it. She hesought her husband to attend to them, but she did not get nothing, in answer to her prayers, but contemptuous and angry looks. It was then that she found out that the child was delicate, possessed as her mind had been with the old notion that to vaccinate a child was to incur the wrath of Providence. She struggled into a point at last, and had the thing done. One of the children died, and she was overwhelmed with words, but no very mildly that the mother was completely satisfied that she had not been wrong. She had convinced herself that country air and freshly washing were good for children; and she so contrived to that all her children should wash their hand to feel in cold water daily, and with as much decency as if they were in a gentleman's house. She made a yet more striking effort. Her only boy was extremely delicate in his manner. She thought he ought to have good country air, whereas they lived in a narrow street, far away from green and trees, and she could not put him out to board, nor could she have trusted him to any care less tender than her own. Month after month, she ran at four in the morning, or earlier when the sun was up, and carried the child into the country, miles and miles beyond the smoke, returning in time to get the other children up, and the house made neat, before opening shop. It appeared, indeed, as if patience were instead of sleep to her, and her vigour and activity seemed to be inexhaustible.

Whether the Sea-Serpent be a real or fabulous animal, we cannot decide with certainty. The above engraving is a representation of what the crew of the British Ship *Pompey declared* they saw on the Island of Madagascar, in the year 1848. It is described by the officer who saw and sketched it, as a long black creature, with a sharp head, moving slowly through the water. We cannot decide with certainty. The above engraving is a representation of what the crew of the British Ship *Pompey declared* they saw on the Island of Madagascar, in the year 1848. It is described by the officer who saw and sketched it, as a long black creature, with a sharp head, moving slowly through the water. We cannot decide with certainty.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

Selected Sketch.

REMINISCENCES OF MONTICELLO.

RESIDENCE OF THOS. JEFFERSON.

During the eight years of Mr. Jefferson's continuance in office, as Chief Magistrate of the United States, he spent the Summer months at his delightful residence, at Monticello, in Virginia, (on the summit of a mountain, in the midst of a forest of the richest foliage,) which was his constant residence. The painter who was told that he had failed in taking the likeness of a beautiful woman, exclaimed, "I cannot paint beauty, you must see her *beautiful* to comprehend her loveliness." So it is with Monticello, and she who undertakes to describe Monticello, must have witnessed the scene, or she cannot convey an idea of the surprising, which greeted the visitor that mountain region.

This beautiful prospect, seen at Summer sunrises, almost surpasses the conceptions of the poet and the painter. On the North, the bold undulations of the Blue Ridge mountains carry the eye upwards of a hundred miles, until the diminishing chain is lost in the adjoining State of Maryland. On the South, the horizon range round in an almost perfect semicircle, the only interruption in the regularity being a small cluster of mountains in the South-West, grouped tastefully together. These mountains are very near also, and at earlier or clear weather, exhibit the beautiful phenomenon called *beaming*, very common at sea, but exceedingly rare on land. Just behind Monticello, to the West, towers Montalta, the most mountain in the South-West chain, several hundred feet higher than Monticello, and clothed from base to summit with a magnificent growth of oak and hickory. On the East, the mountains rise continuously, in picturesque progression, and exhibit in graceful valleys, through some of which quiet streams steal forth, as if in search of a level spot to spread their crystal waters. Wherever they are fair in this rear of space, it meets only beautiful, or magnificent objects—large tracts of forest land, cultivated farms, picturesque rocks clothed with evergreens, or winding streams, fringed with a luxuriant growth of aquatic shrubs.

At early dawn, I was scarcely feel a breath of air. But no sooner does the sun rise, than you are aware of a gentle refreshment moving on the soft ripple in the atmosphere, breathing purity and freshness on the face of nature. At this moment there is a burst of harmony accompanied by the rustling of wings, and you perceive that the thought time had been spring into the tuning place and commenced its daily course of duty.—You gaze on the blue heavens, kindling into brightness, and surrounding you on the lovely scenery of meditation. The breeze bathes your forehead, and seems to penetrate the very region of thought, imparting vigor and energy to the mind within. You hail this delicious breath of Heaven, as it were the spirit of freedom, and its giving principle, and think with infinite compassion of those who still "hold their hands for a little more slumber."

With such a preparation for enjoyment, it was not wonderful that the guests of Monticello should almost feel themselves in a land of enchantment. The decalcer in this mountain region, and surrounding country, the cultivation, refinement of manners, sterling worth of character, and the high intellectual tone, all signal spirit of welcome which breathes the heart, where there is a heart to touch. The tones was large, and was frequently full in overflowing during the Summer season. Foreigners of distinction, Statesmen, Philosophers and Scientific characters, all met a welcome, which gave them a license for unrestrained enjoyment during their stay. Some one has forgot the place or his business, who were worthy of the courtesies they receive at Monticello.

Mr. Jefferson was remarkable for the kindness of Mr. Jefferson and his family, many persons have visited Monticello, who have left the enlightened and cultivated of whom we have spoken. It often happened that strange characters found their way to the Summer pavilion, and came again and again to hear the kind feelings of Mr. Jefferson.

One evening as the family were assembled in the front portico, a shabby looking stranger approached the door. He had a bag in his hand, mounted on or near a horse, that the animal found great difficulty in carrying. It was one of the steep ascent of the mountain. The rider becoming aware that his steed was tottering, descended from the saddle, and blindly led him up to the edge of the lawn. Here he fastened the horse, and taking from his saddle a pair of well filled saddle-bags, seated himself on the horse.

"Who have we here," whispered one of the party.

"A beggar, of course," said another, with contempt. Every one of that description were too well received not to come frequently to the house.

But the stranger walked silently onward, until he arrived within a few steps of the Premises.

"You are Thomas Jefferson," said he, in a clear, monotonous tone, "you were Governor of Virginia at the time of Tarleton's invasion."

The President seemed instantly to recognize the voice, and peculiar mode of speaking. He heard of anything like such an animal as this. There was something on its back that resembled a mare, and as it moved forward the mare kept washing about; but before those who were in front of the house could examine it closely, it disappeared. The Serpent is *said* to appear all Nature, every bathing season.

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"Ah! my old friend Tatham, I remember you well. Why have you never visited me before? Come take a seat, and let your horse be taken to the stable."

Orders were instantly despatched to the stable, and a groom soon removed the *Rosinante*, to the night quarters.

A servant brought in refreshments, and other of the guests entered the parlor, and found Mr. Tatham's feet, where he had deposited them.

"These saddle-bags belong to your master, friend," said he to the servant; "if I borrowed them from his stable without permission."

"I do not remember ever having made you such a long," said the President, good naturedly; "it is very honest in you to make restitution after so long a time."

"I trust I have always been an honest man," said he, with solemnity. "I have intended, year after year, to bring them to you, but never found it convenient before."

Tatham spent several days at Monticello, and at his departure the President related the history of this strange visitor.

"Tatham," he said, "had been an officer in the war of the revolution. He was a brave man and devoted to the cause of liberty. He was always a person of weak intellect, but perfectly harmless and good natured. As a messenger he was faithful and untiring: no danger ever deterred him from undertaking any difficult duty.

"At the time of Tarleton's invasion of Virginia," continued the President, "I was Governor of the State. One day I was sitting quietly in my study here, when Martin, my trusty servant, entered hastily with a frightened countenance. He closed the door mysteriously, and told me that Tarleton was actually ascending the mountain, with the intention of surprising me, and say other members of the government he could get hold of. At first I was incredulous, but Martin told me so many corroborating circumstances, that I was convinced he had been accurately informed. He advised me to quit the house by a private back door, and to gain the thick forest which clothed the sides of Montalta, or as it was then called Carter's Mountain. He even appointed a place of rendezvous, and told me he would endeavour to bring me a horse by night-fall. I learnt afterwards, that a friend of mine had found his way by a rocky pass in the mountains and had seen Martin, and sent him to me with the advice I intended to follow.

"I had no time to lose, for as I entered the tangled undergrowth of the wood, I heard the British bugle sound on my own lawn. I heard afterwards, that Martin was arrested on the arrival of the troops, and closely questioned by the Colonel himself. Tarleton first tried to bribe him, and finding that British gold had no charms for the honest negro, he threatened to shoot him if he did not honestly tell where he was. Martin behaved with wonderful firmness, and seriously made his escape before night. I mounted and struck into the woods, until I got far enough to venture on the open road. I rode twenty miles that afternoon, and finally crossed the Blue Ridge by starlight. By this time my horse and myself were both fatigued, for I had galloped wherever the way was smooth enough.

"I stopped at several hostile settlements in Augusta County; I asked for food and bed; but the alarm had become general, and no one would admit me. A universal panic prevailed, and I was told that Tarleton had declared he would burn any house that gave me shelter. In this perplexity I dismounted, and turned my wearied steed to graze in one of the rich grassy glades so common in the valleys beyond the Ridge. I then wrapped my cloak around me, and stretched myself on the ground with my saddle-bags for a pillow, and soon fell into a sound sleep.

"I must have slept several hours, for when I awoke, all around me was still and silent. The moon was shining brightly, and I could see my horse quietly cropping the grass. I was about to rise, when I heard a footstep, and a man approached me. I was unarmed, and I began to think that I was about to be murdered, when I discovered that it was Martin.

"Martin," said I, "how did you find me?"

"Why, sir," said he, "I knew you would make for the mountains, and I thought I could find you. I have been looking for you all day, and I am glad I have found you at last."

"Martin," said I, "I am afraid you will be taken prisoner."

"Not if I can help it, sir," said he, "I have been a prisoner once, and I know how to get away again

Miscellaneous.

THE JAPANESE.

[illegible]

THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB—"IN A FIX."

(A New Song to an Old Tune.)

[illegible]

the social relations of "Her Majesty" and "our Commodore," are, with good taste, directed by the writer to be omitted in the publication.—Suffice it to say, "the Queen was as happy as a bird," "and the Commodore as spry as a boy!" [illegible]

YANKEE DOODLE DOO-OO-OO!

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies,	$5 00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; or, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

[illegible]

GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

[illegible]

EXPORT OF SPECIE.

[illegible]

CONSOLIDATION.

[illegible]

PACKET OPENED.

[illegible]

OFFICE-HOLDERS.

[illegible]

... there is now $61,745,219 of *specie* in the country *in addition* to the amount held on the first of January, 1850. We know not to what amount *silver* has been exported—though this of course should be taken into any fair calculation—but we are very strongly inclined to believe that there is a flaw in the statement somewhere.

FICTION.

An able article upon recent works of fiction, appears in the August number of the "North British Review," the organ of Scottish Evangelism. The Reviewer regards the Novel of late days as one of our most efficient vehicles of truth. He says:

When it has been conceded that works of fiction are too apt, by their fascination, to encroach on graver hours, and to leave a distaste for graver studies, we have allowed all that can be justly alleged against clever, truthful novels, that help to unriddle the mystery of life.

We are pleased to find such sensible views in a quarter whose teachings will be received by a large class with very high respect. It is no mark of an enlarged and cultivated mind to decry fiction. It may be abused, like every other good thing, but, in its proper use, is most refining and elevating. The greatest minds the world has ever known have delighted in fiction. Our Saviour honored it by making it the vehicle of popular instruction. The "parable" is the Eastern tale and poem. It was by means of fiction that Nathan placed the crime of David in overwhelming array before him. The circumstance that Nathan related had no real occurrence, but it was nevertheless true to Nature and to the holiest emotions of the heart. The sublime Book of Job is supposed by many to be a parable, like those of the Saviour—in other words, a fiction—and is not the less the holy truth of God, whether such a man as Job ever lived, yes or nay. Men like Job have always lived, and are still living. The question settled in that great and inspired Book is for all time—affliction and woe are not necessarily the proof that we have done wrong, and of God's displeasure; and they should be borne in a meek and quiet and reverent spirit.

No, let those who declaim against fiction, and look down upon it as fit only for children and women, think with whom they stand—and with whom they do not stand. Let them remember that the highest intellect is the most child-like. Let them remember that the Arts, and Sciences, and Geographies, and Travels have, after all is said, their great basis on the things of this fleeting world and of Time. Let them remember that fiction—prose and poetry—deals with the spiritual and eternal. Let them perceive that the true end of all good fiction is the perfection of the soul—to build mankind up in courage, [illegible]

MAGNANIMITY.

[illegible]

BRADDOCK.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT DECISION.

[illegible]

THE BLOOMERS.

[illegible]

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

[illegible]

ANOTHER NICHOLAS IN THE FIELD.

[illegible]

LOPEZ.

[illegible]

THE RAPPERS.

[illegible]

A QUIBBLE.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

Our Correspondents.

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

THE TOURNEY.

[illegible]

THE FANCY BALL.

[illegible] all in costume, however—but the greater part of those were dressed with great elegance and truth of character. There were but thirty-five whose names and characters I was enabled to learn.

Miss E. C——, of [illegible], tall and dignified [illegible] as Evelina [illegible], in Walter Scott's [illegible], wore a head-dress of ostrich plumes and jewels, jacket of crimson silk velvet, trimmed with [illegible] and train of blue silk, and veil of [illegible], wrought with silver.

Miss E. F——, of Jefferson, a dark brunette, as a gypsy, wore a [illegible] skirt of crimson, blue and yellow, short and full black satin jacket, wrought with gold, and little straw hat with cherry ribbons. This gay dress was very much admired.

Miss H——, of Alexandria, a very beautiful girl, very small, fair and round, with black eyes and hair, as a Sultana, wore the Turkish dress.

Miss E——, of Charlestown, a Bloomer.

Miss F. C——, a fair, full-formed, blue-eyed lassie—the merriest at the Springs—as a Quakeress, wore a plain, tight-bodied drab dress, with neat white cap and kerchief, and won "golden opinions" for her grave and sedate deportment.

Mr. W——, of Jefferson, appeared as a chief of the Tuscaroras.

Mr. E——, of Baltimore, a young gentleman of fair complexion and slight and elegant figure, appeared as a page, in a splendid dress of blue silk velvet, embroidered with silver and slashed with white Florence silk.

Dr. D——, of Washington City, a very tall and dark man, appeared as a Troubadour of Provence, in a magnificent dress of black velvet and gold—with a lady-love scarf of crimson, embroidered with gold, and more stars, ribbons and orders on his breast than I can enumerate, or than often fell to the lot of Troubadours. He supported his character by playing ancient airs upon his guitar.

Mr. St——, of Charlestown, as Red Jacket, appeared in a scarlet dress of "beaded, fringed and medalled glory."

Late in the evening a novelty was presented, namely—an entree of the characters of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as follows:

Mrs. ——, of Washington, as Hyppolita, Queen of the Amazons, in a dress of scarlet and [illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 52 Sansom Street, above Fourth,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Blanks, Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are executed with neatness, accuracy, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Miscellaneous.

THE HUNGARIAN BARONESS VON BECK.

A CURIOUS LITERARY IMPOSTURE.

One of the most extraordinary literary impostures of modern times—against which we have not here it was possible, with so large and long continued an experience of the credulity of the world of all who could be supposed to have the key to any imposture in the case, for the reader or the public to be on his guard—further than the very much best its discernment and exposure in a periodical publication, has been perpetrated upon the American Tea Book—whose work entitled "Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary" is a translation from a record of her own relations under the orders of Kossuth to the different posts of the Hungarian War of Liberating Defence," was published in this city a few years since into mouths ago. The work attracted much attention at the time of its publication, and the interesting narrative relating to the Hungarian struggle,—had every mark of authenticity that prefixed to it, and the impression that they would be recognize,—and was bespeaked by some of the leaders of the Hungarians attached to it in the pages were matter of familiar knowledge to them, and the general course of real events it was noticed by it, and by it communicated to the world. But that there was much in one has offered us is that they have been so far from being discredited by the facts that they professed to be. A great portion of the interest excited by the book arose, it will be remembered, from the details of the personal adventures of the authoress; who was represented to have acted as an intimate friend and confidential agent of Kossuth, and to have rendered great service to the Hungarian cause by going from spot to spot and performing the most important commissions.

The account given by the writer of her own antecedents was—that she was the daughter of a Hungarian nobleman of liberal principles, who had been killed by order of the Austrian Government of Vienna, on the 15th of October, 1848. On the faith of her own statements, and of the reputation of the book, this lady was made the ward of the writer of it was received every where as the friend of Kossuth, the friend of Kossuth, and herself a Hungarian heroine. From London she seems to have extended her visits to other parts of England. Her various movements since the publication of her work we have no means of tracing; but some weeks ago she made her appearance at the Clarendon Hotel, in Birmingham, accompanied by a young Hungarian of prepossessing address and appearance, who was introduced by her secretary. She introduced herself to influential persons in Birmingham; who received her with every mark of respect, and especially as she was in ill health, and seemed in need of the fashionable circumstances. Her companion also made proposals, through her secretary, for the publication of another work on Hungary, for the price of which was to be £1 4s. 6 pence; the subscribers' names had been obtained by the kindness of her friends, and amounted to the amount of nearly £100. Suddenly, suspicion arose as to the genuine of the supposed Baroness. Mr. George Dawson was applied to, and a curious circumstance that a Hungarian lady of such high rank and reputation could not talk French;—the Hungarian nobility being celebrated for their accomplishments, and most of them being educated in Paris. Mr. Dawson communicated the circumstance to the police, on the charge of having obtained money under false pretences. The examination was fixed to take place on the following day, before the Mayor of Birmingham, and others. On the morning of the day the court was opened—and the prisoners were sent for. In a few minutes, however, to the horror of all present, the supposed Baroness was discovered with intersection that the female prisoner had escaped. On having the private door of the court room, she had shown signs of faintness—and, on reaching the sale-room of the court, she literally let down and expired.

When the Court had somewhat recovered from this shock, the examination of the remaining prisoner was proceeded with. From the evidence tendered by Twinnin Smith, barrister, who had gone from London to conduct the prosecution, and by Mr. Paul Rajski, late Hungarian Minister of Justice under Kossuth, who was examined in Court—it appeared that the pretended Baroness was in reality a Hungarian woman of low rank and gentle illiterate, who had been in an inferior spy in the Hungarian service at one period of the war, when she went by the name of Redefeld. In this capacity she might have once or twice seen Kossuth; but the whole story of her intimacy with him and with the other Hungarian leaders, and of her mission to and fro in Hungary, was a piece of pure fabrication. It appeared also that, since the arrival in England, the pretended Baroness had been in the service of the recently-created Austrian Ambassador of the English police force, as a spy and informer,—supplying the police with facts, or alleged facts, relative to the doings and movements of refugees now in this country. In this capacity she had mentioned Mr. Kossuth as a friend of her own stroke. It likewise appeared that she or her agents had made an attempt to extort money from M. Pulszky, the well-known author and friend of Kossuth, by threatening to restore in a German edition of her work certain passages against that gentleman which had been struck out in the English edition. It is further most evidence that as regards the other prisoner, Constantine Berra, the evidence went to show that, although a Hungarian, and sitting behind the steamer, he was himself a dupe. He was proved to be a member of a highly honourable Hungarian family of rank, who came over to this country in the year connexion with the present case. This connexion, according to his own statement, was merely accidental—he had been introduced to her, that he had acted for the Baroness in good faith. He was accordingly discharged.

So at present the matter stands—and we repeat, that it is left surrounded by a mystery which we are unable to throw any light on. In the first place—who wrote the Baroness Von Beck's book? As she is alleged to be totally illiterate, it could not have been written by her. The book, it appears, can raise this mystery:—for the statement that it was written by Mr. Paulszky will not stand for certain reasons he did not even wish to state his name." The public has a right to be informed on this point, and if Mr. Paulszky wrote the "Personal Adventures" he is a party to the literary imposture at any rate—and will have to show that he had not a share in the imposture as to the facts. In the second place—if we have hitherto—people are wanting to be told—happened that an imposture so patent, as one would think, to many Hungarians residing in this country, was not discovered sooner. It is certainly to be overlooked that, by M. Paulszky's own admission, Mr. Bendix "had made the acquaintance of the baroness's book" in consequence of what he (M. Paulszky) had said"—and had in fact not a word of warning against the Baroness until a month after she had attempted to extort a harvest out of M. Paulszky himself. This was the letter that he has 25 copies!—and no explanation is, we further think, wanted from many other parties. The story of the Baroness Von Beck is certainly a curious reflection. The notion of paid spies in the service of a power with which we are at peace, is not comfortable to the British mind; and, though people know that such things exist, it makes us start a little to find one walking in this way. Again—the tragic romance of this wretched woman's death from the time when on the coast of Kentish of Kossuth at Foot, till the other day, when she fell down dead, expiring in the main-steamer of a police court at Birmingham! Truly, were the realities of that life written, they might surpass in interest even the Baroness Von Beck's fictitious adventures.—*London Athenæum.*

TIP To give an early preference to honest above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained but without dishonest acts; to break no promises, however, and to keep to no declaration; these are the indications of a great mind, and the passage of future eminence and usefulness in life.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

From our last Exchanges have been thine arrivals. The *Illinois* left San Francisco on the 1st inst. and arrived to put in at Panama, and the Brother Jonathan from same to same, on the 2d inst., both from Aspinwall on the 15th inst. Being over $3,000,000 in gold. The Empire City has also arrived with $1,000,000 in gold, and $100,000 in silver.

The meeting mentioned yesterday for raising subscriptions, and the product of good was about $50,000. Many more contributions were made in addition to the aforementioned sum.

The Vigilance Committee has come to an end. Adams, the burglar, having been found guilty as told, the Committee of 700 members formed a line and marched to the prison.

Adams, on the approach of the procession, was seen struggling to free himself from the irons, and when brought up for trial he pleaded "not guilty," and pleaded "guilty." Accustom, neither of the pleas implicated by Kossuth's counsel, was allowed over to the Courts. T. Belcher Kay, who was also implicated, has been discharged from custody, and when brought up for trial he pleaded "not guilty," and asked for a speedy trial. He was granted a trial, stating that he had an account. The Court provided him one, and when the day of trial arrived he

Selected Poetry.

THE "HOUSEHOLD DIRGE."

I—I sat my little May at last!
On the parlour in the dying,
When coolest flowers began to hail,
And cooled blobs to sing;
I had her in a sleeping grave,
A small, still grave,
A marble cellar for her head,
And ribbons for the—

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom;
I would I knew these fibrous had,
My heart is in her tomb!
I know that she has gone away,
I know' has died,
I know her cross-cross, and yet
I cannot smile or—

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And favor them at the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair vacant,
And scarcely like the mourning—

I sit within my room, and write
The lone and weary hours,
And raise the little small spot
Among the whisker flowers;
And raise her with her toys beside
My desk in silver play,
And then I rise and look for her,
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen, and look,
And reach the flowers around;
She must be in the isolated nook
(In shady nooks around)
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And pray my shoulder o'er;
I heard a gilded laugh—but no,
She cannot be—

I waited only yesterday,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my child's kiss
Before she went to bed—
Forgetting she had gone home
In shadow soft and crown,
A movement above her head,
And violets at her feet!

Knickerbocker.

Biography.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The decease of this distinguished man, who for over a quarter of a century has held such an eminent position in American literature, took place at our residence on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, at his residence in Cooperstown. For several months previous to his death he had been a sensitive victim awakened the anxiety of his friends, although with a vigorous constitution and temperate habits, and of unusual muscular power his attachment of a chip old age. He left the city about the first of June for his country residence, and was then in the enjoyment of his usual health from a change of air and country, and in a few days he returned to the city, and resumed his last to the bosom of his family. His death will call forth an emotion of sorrow throughout the whole extent of our country. There are few who do not deem themselves his personal friends, and the literary men, his immediate contemporaries, while the most remarkable feature of American society have been invested with a new interest by the magic creations of his pen. Nor by his native land alone will the influence of his writings exhibit a lasting influence in the memory, and recall the delight with which the imagination was revelled in his fresh and glowing pictures of nature and society. His fame is not only coextensive with the English language, but his works have been widely and warmly incorporated with the best literature of every civilized country. Without seeking to be American author, he has made himself one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the age, and by being a congenial home for the productions of his genius to every center of society, and holding his name in the highest estimation as the author of the series of Leather Stocking by the light of a plan hand in the forests, as well as of the varieties of science and of fashion in the brilliant saloons of Paris and Vienna.

Mr. Cooper was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 15th of September, 1789, and had, at the time of his death, he would have been sixty-two years of age. His father, the late Judge Cooper, was a large landholder in Otsego County, New York, residing alternately in Burlington and Cooperstown, and giving his children the best education which the country then distinguished as the residence of the world.

He received the rudiments of a classical education under a private instructor at Burlington, and afterwards studied at the college of Yale, and completed his education at Albany, and was prepared by him for Yale College, which he entered in 1802. At this early age, and when but thirteen years old, was he qualified for the discharge of academic duties, and he left the college without graduating. His class; and in the department of ancient languages, is said to have contributed very considerably to the reputation of that class, which, if we recollect aright, was distinguished for its literary life. He was also then more than ordinarily well versed in general history, and he was particularly conversant with the history of England, which, we presume, will be considered a very important part of his education for a literary life. He was also then more than ordinarily well versed in general history, and he was particularly conversant with the history of England, which, we presume, will be considered a very important part of his education for a literary life. He was also then more than ordinarily well versed in general history, and he was particularly conversant with the history of England, which, we presume, will be considered a very important part of his education for a literary life.

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Wit and Humor.

EATING OUT THE CHANGE.

An old lady, who once kept a public house, in the north of England, was one day in company with a number of persons, when the conversation turned upon the subject of cheating, and the various methods which are practised by persons of that description. Each person present related some anecdote of the kind, which he had either heard or witnessed, when the old lady, who had been a silent listener to the whole, addressed the company as follows:

"When I was in the public line, I had a great many tricks played me, but I was determined to be even with them all. At last, by experience and observation, I found out a method of detecting the rogues, and I'll tell you how I served them.

"Whenever a person called for a shilling glass, and, as he handed it to me, said,

"'Have you the change, ma'am?'

"I would reply, 'Indeed I have a penny in the house. But I will see.'

So I went to the room where I usually kept the small change, and, taking a penny, I put it in my pocket. When I encountered this fact, the man called an accuracy about it, that I called to my friend to know if she had a penny about her. Jealousy proved to be an matter of fine sensation.

"What's to be done?" said I, looking at my traveler, who sat looking himself in the face of the glass, and looking as serious as the grave.

"I'm sure I don't know," was his reply.

"Perhaps you can borrow them a neighbor."

"Trust a neighbor. There's none within a mile of us that I'd trust if I certainly did not all that for to borrow ten pence."

"Well, then, what is to be done?"

"Well, ma'am," he looked serious, and quite ready, "I want my change. What's to be done?"

A happy thought flashed through my mind, and, taking a tumbler from the shelf, I said to him:

"I don't see what you will do, unless you eat out the change?"

"Eat out the change?" he exclaimed, taken at first, a little by surprise.

"Yes," I said, "and can be done," said I, attempting to suppress the sneer.

Involuntarily my guest laid his hand upon his stomach, apparently doubting for the moment his ability his capacity for holding an extra ounce of food.

"I don't believe I can swallow another mouthful," he remarked, decidedly, shaking his head with a look of despair.

"It's your only chance, sir." I was already half convinced with suppressed laughter; but I was serious.

"I don't see what you will do, unless you eat out the change?"

"Eat out the change!" he exclaimed, taken at first, a little by surprise.

"It's the only way I can see done," said I, already beginning to enjoy the scene